Henry Elbert Stubbs

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE
FROM CALIFORNIA

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES
DELIVERED IN CONGRESS

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75th Congress, 1st Session - - - House Document No. 357

Memorial Services

HELD IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
OF THE UNITED STATES, TOGETHER WITH
REMARKS PRESENTED IN EULOGY OF

Henry Elbert Stubbs

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE
FROM CALIFORNIA

Seventy-fifth Congress
First Session

UNITED STATES
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Contents

Page

Biography ---------- 5

Memorial services in the House:
- Memorial service program ---------- 11
- Prayer by Rev. James Shera Montgomery ---------- 13
- Roll of deceased Members, read by Mr. A. E. Chaffee, reading clerk of the House ---------- 14
- Address by Mr. John H. Tolan, of California ---------- 17
- Address by Mr. Dewey Short, of Missouri ---------- 22
- Benediction by the Chaplain ---------- 28

Memorial addresses:
- Mr. Clarence F. Lea, of California ---------- 31
- Mr. John M. Costello, of California ---------- 33
- Mr. Charles Kramer, of California ---------- 35
- Mr. Frank H. Buck, of California ---------- 37
- Mr. Charles J. Colden, of California ---------- 38
- Mr. H. Jerry Voorhis, of California ---------- 40
- Mr. Bertrand W. Gearhart, of California ---------- 41
- Mr. Albert E. Carter, of California ---------- 42
- Mr. John S. McGroarty, of California ---------- 43
- Mr. Martin F. Smith, of Washington ---------- 44

Proceedings in the House ---------- 49

Proceedings in the Senate ---------- 55

Biography

HENRY ELBERT STUBBS was born in Nampa, Coleman County, Tex., March 4, 1881; attended the public schools in Groesbeck, Tex., and Phillips University, Enid, Okla.; was ordained a minister of the Christian Church in 1911 and served as pastor of the Christian Church in Frederick, Okla., 1911–14 and 1918–21, and at Kingfisher, Okla., 1914–17; moved to California in 1921 and served as pastor of the Christian Church in Tulare, Calif., from 1921 to 1923, and of the Santa Maria, Calif., Christian Church from 1923 until elected to Congress; elected as a Democrat to the Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, and Seventy-fifth Congresses, and served from March 4, 1933, until his death in Washington, D. C., February 28, 1937; interment in Santa Maria Cemetery, Santa Maria, Calif.

In the House of Representatives

TUESDAY, *May 18, 1937.*

Mr. JARMAN. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent for the immediate consideration of the resolution (H. Res. 215).

The Clerk read the resolution, as follows:

House Resolution 215

Resolved, That on Wednesday, May 26, 1937, immediately after the approval of the Journal, the House shall stand at recess for the purpose of holding the memorial services as arranged by the Committee on Memorials, under the provisions of clause 40–A of rule XI. The order of exercises and proceedings of the service shall be printed in the Congressional Record, and all Members shall have leave to extend their remarks in the Congressional Record until the last issue of the Record of the first session of the Seventy-fifth Congress on the life, character, and public service of the deceased Members. At the conclusion of the proceedings the Speaker shall call the House to order, and then, as a further mark of respect to the memories of the deceased, he shall declare the House adjourned.

* * * * *

The resolution was agreed to.

Memorial Services
in the
House of Representatives

Seventy-fifth Congress
First Session

Memorial Service Program

Prelude, Sacred Selections (11:30 to 12)
United States Marine Band Orchestra

Presiding Officer
The Speaker pro tempore of the House of Representatives

Invocation.....The Chaplain, Dr. James Shera Montgomery

God Shall Wipe Away All Tears.....Caro Roma
Caroline Macklin Hughes

Scripture Reading and Prayer.....The Chaplain

Roll of Deceased Members..The Clerk of the House of Representatives

Devotional Silence.

Address.....Hon. JOHN H. TOLAN
Representative from the State of California

There Is No Death.....O'Hara
Mary J. Mitchell

Address.....Hon. DEWEY SHORT
Representative from the State of Missouri

Cornet Solo—Going Home.....Winfred Kemp
Principal Musician, United States Marine Band Orchestra

Benediction.....The Chaplain

Henry Elbert Stubbs

Memorial Services

WEDNESDAY, *May 26, 1937.*

The Speaker pro tempore (Mr. WARREN) presided.

The Chaplain, Dr. Montgomery:

I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die.

For we know that if the earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens.

Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; for I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I come again and will receive you unto Myself, that where I am, there ye may be also.

Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God.

If on a quiet sea,
  Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee
  We'll own the favoring gale.

But should the surges rise,
  And rest delay to come,
Blest be the tempest, kind the storm
  That drives us nearer home.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid, cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy holy spirit, that we may perfectly love Thee and worthily magnify Thy holy name. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever. Amen.

Caroline Macklin Hughes sang "God Shall Wipe Away All Tears", by Caro Roma.

ROLL OF DECEASED MEMBERS

Mr. A. E. Chaffee, reading clerk of the House, read the following roll:

PARK TRAMMELL, SENATOR FROM THE STATE OF FLORIDA

Lawyer; editor; mayor of Lakeland, 1899–1903; member of the State legislature; attorney general of Florida; Governor of Florida, 1913–17; elected to the United States Senate in 1916, 1922, 1928, 1934. Died May 8, 1936.

DUNCAN UPSHAW FLETCHER, SENATOR FROM THE STATE OF FLORIDA

Lawyer; member of the Florida State Legislature; mayor of Jacksonville; chairman board of public instruction of Duval County, 1900–1906; chairman State Democratic executive committee; elected to the United States Senate, 1908, 1914, 1920, 1926, 1932. Died June 17, 1936.

RICHARD LOUIS MURPHY, SENATOR FROM THE STATE OF IOWA

Editor; collector of internal revenue for Iowa, 1913–20; income-tax counselor; elected to the United States Senate November 8, 1932. Died July 16, 1936.

JAMES COUZENS, SENATOR FROM THE STATE OF MICHIGAN

Banker; director, Detroit Trust Co.; commissioner of street railways, 1913–15; commissioner metropolitan police department, 1916–18; mayor of Detroit, 1919–22; appointed to United States Senate November 29, 1922, and subsequently elected for unexpired term; reelected 1924, 1930. Died October 22, 1936.

MEMORIAL SERVICES

PETER NORBECK, SENATOR FROM THE STATE OF SOUTH DAKOTA

Farmer; contractor; member State senate, 1909–13; Lieutenant Governor, 1915–16; Governor of South Dakota, 1917–21; delegate, Republican national convention, 1924; elected to the United States Senate, 1920, 1926, 1932. Died December 20, 1936.

NATHAN LYNN BACHMAN, SENATOR FROM THE STATE OF TENNESSEE

Lawyer; city attorney of Chattanooga, 1906–8; circuit judge, 1912–18; associate justice of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, 1918–24; appointed to the United States Senate February 28, 1933, subsequently elected for unexpired term; reelected 1936. Died April 23, 1937.

JOHN THEODORE BUCKBEE, TWELFTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT OF ILLINOIS

Businessman; horticulturist, receiving technical training in this subject in Austria, France, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Belgium, Italy, and Great Britain; Member of the Seventieth, Seventy-first, Seventy-second, Seventy-third, and Seventy-fourth Congresses. Died April 23, 1936.

WILLIAM DAVID THOMAS, TWENTY-NINTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT OF NEW YORK

Pharmacist; businessman; banker; town clerk of Hoosick, 1917–25; member of the New York State Legislature, 1925–26; Rensselaer County treasurer, 1927; Member of the Seventy-third and Seventy-fourth Congresses. Died May 17, 1936.

RANDOLPH PERKINS, SEVENTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT OF NEW JERSEY

Lawyer; member New Jersey Legislature, 1905–7; mayor of Westfield, 1903–5; Member of the Sixty-seventh and each succeeding Congress. Died May 25, 1936.

ABRAM PIATT ANDREW, SIXTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS

Educator; editor; soldier; Director of the Mint, 1909–10; Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, 1910–12; Member of the Sixty-seventh and each succeeding Congress. Died June 3, 1936.

JOSEPH WELLINGTON BYRNS, FIFTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT OF TENNESSEE

Lawyer, three times elected to the lower house of the Tennessee Legislature; speaker of that body in 1899; elected to the State senate, 1900; Democratic Presidential elector, 1904; Member of the Sixty-first and each succeeding Congress; chairman, Democratic National Congressional Committee; chairman, Committee on Appropriations, Seventy-second Congress; majority floor leader, Seventy-third Congress; Speaker, Seventy-fourth Congress. Died June 4, 1936.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

BERNHARD MARTIN JACOBSEN, SECOND CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT OF IOWA

Banker; postmaster of Clinton, Iowa, 1914–23; organizer and president of the Clinton Thrift Co.; director, City National Bank; Member of the Seventy-second, Seventy-third, and Seventy-fourth Congresses. Died June 30, 1936.

WARREN JOSEPH DUFFEY, NINTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT OF OHIO

Lawyer; member of the General Assembly of Ohio, 1913–14; member of the Toledo City Council, 1917–18; elected to the Seventy-third and Seventy-fourth Congresses. Died July 7, 1936.

JOHN JACKSON M'SWAIN, FOURTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT OF SOUTH CAROLINA

Lawyer; teacher; soldier; member of the Interparliamentary Union; grand master of the I. O. O. F. of South Carolina; president of the Sons of Confederate Veterans; Member of the Sixty-seventh and each succeeding Congress; chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs. Died August 6, 1936.

MARION ANTHONY ZIONCHECK, FIRST CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT OF WASHINGTON

Lawyer; civic leader; born in Kety, Poland, December 5, 1900; came to America at the age of 3. Graduate in law, University of Washington, president of the student body; Member of the Seventy-third and Seventy-fourth Congresses. Died August 7, 1936.

WILLIAM VORIS GREGORY, FIRST CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT OF KENTUCKY

Lawyer; judge, Graves County Court two terms; United States attorney, western district of Kentucky; Member of the Seventieth, Seventy-first, Seventy-second, Seventy-third, and Seventy-fourth Congresses. Died October 10, 1936.

GLOVER H. CARY, SECOND CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT OF KENTUCKY

Lawyer; twice elected to the Kentucky Legislature; county attorney, McLean County, 1918–21; elected Commonwealth attorney in 1921 and 1927; delegate to the Democratic national convention in 1932; Member of the Seventy-second, Seventy-third, and Seventy-fourth Congresses. Elected to the Seventy-fifth Congress. Died December 5, 1936.

ANDREW JACKSON MONTAGUE, THIRD CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT OF VIRGINIA

Lawyer; teacher; author; United States attorney; attorney general of Virginia, 1898–1902; Governor of Virginia, 1902–6; delegate to the Third Conference American Republics at Rio de Janeiro in 1906; delegate to Third International Conference of Maritime Law at Brussels, 1909–10; president, American Group Interparliamentary

Union, 1930–35; Member of the Sixty-third and each succeeding Congress. Died January 24, 1937.

JAMES PAUL BUCHANAN, TENTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT OF TEXAS

Lawyer; justice of the peace, Washington County, 1889–92; prosecuting attorney, 1892–99; district attorney, 1899–1906; member of the State house of representatives, 1906–13; Member of the Sixty-third and each succeeding Congress; member of the Committee on Appropriations, 1915–37, and chairman of that committee, Seventy-third and Seventy-fourth Congresses; chairman, Select Committee on Government Organization. Died February 22, 1937.

HENRY ELBERT STUBBS, TENTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT OF CALIFORNIA

Minister; horticulturist; Member of the Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, and Seventy-fifth Congresses. Died February 28, 1937.

BENJAMIN KURTZ FOCHT, EIGHTEENTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA

Editor; publisher; State water supply commissioner; deputy secretary of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania; Member of the Sixtieth, Sixty-first, Sixty-second, Sixty-fourth, Sixty-fifth, Sixty-sixth, Sixty-seventh, Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, and Seventy-fifth Congresses. Died March 27, 1937.

Then followed 1 minute of devotional silence.

Hon. JOHN H. TOLAN, a Representative from the State of California, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS OF HON. JOHN H. TOLAN

Mr. Speaker, once a year the Senate and House of Representatives, the Congress of the United States, meets and dedicates one day of each session to our colleagues who have left us for the realms of immortality. Memories are here that cannot all be spoken, and feelings which are the sweetest and holiest within the human heart.

Life's story is soon told. In terms of centuries our lives are only seconds on the calendar of time. Millions of people have come and gone; millions are living, and soon this great army of human beings will take its place with the mighty hosts of the dead.

We are but tiny ants on the surface of the earth, floating in space among millions of other planets and stars and moving at tremendous speed around that glorious orb, the

sun. If our planet to which we are all clinging should pause on its axis for a millionth part of a second, human life would cease to exist.

Men live and die; they slave and toil with governmental and individual problems; they taste joy and sorrow; build massive structures as though time will never fade them, praying and believing we will be happier tomorrow than we are today.

And it is this beautiful star of human hope shining brightly in the blue sky of our souls that carries us over the storms and stress of sorrow, sickness, and death.

How much do the dead affect the living? We do not know. If they are here today, they must be close to their colleagues, for they are entitled to the privileges of the floor.

At the opening of the Seventy-fifth Congress we all heard these memorable words coming from our present Speaker, referring to our late beloved Speaker: "I cannot but feel that somehow and in some way his spiritual presence and his solicitude still abide within this Chamber."

It is a sweet thought to believe our departed Speaker and our colleagues who went with him are listening to these ceremonies dedicated to their memories. If they are here in their spiritual forms with the experiences of life and eternity back of them, they might say to us:

"We are happy you have not forgotten us. We know the joys, the affection, the toil, and worries of a Congressman; we were hurt at times for things we did not say, for things we did not do, as you have been and as others have been since the creation of mankind. We were criticized as you have been, but remember that it is one of the highest honors within the gift of the American people to represent them in the Halls of Congress and that the real heart of the American people is sound."

They might tell us not to bear from yesterday one bitterness on to tomorrow, for they found out in their eternal

home people were so much better than they were said to be here below.

There is no more important session of Congress than meeting in memory of our beloved dead. All the tenderness within the human soul shines forth in its splendor today and all present will be better and happier for it. Such is the uncertainty of life that this identical audience will never meet again on earth.

Our time will come. We will follow them. But today belongs to our departed dead.

Let us think that their dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world they heard the waves breaking on the farther shore and felt upon their brows the breath of eternal morning.

The divine decree that went forth when man was first created still stands unrecalled. All men have to die. The rich, the poor, the white, the black, the king, the subject, all alike have sooner or later to embark on the river that flows forever from the shores of life to the shores of eternity, and all alike have to one day stand at the tremendous bar of God.

Of all the things in this vast world of which man has knowledge, the most certain and sudden of them all is death. "I come like a thief in the night", says the Lord. He plucks a tiny little bud, the hope and sunshine of a fond father and mother, at one place; a beautiful flower in full bloom, with the star of success shining brightly upon it, at another place; and then beckons to another, faded and withered at the sunset of life. And so on down the ages will He continue until the "trumpet of the archangel shall sound to announce that time shall be no more."

Attending as we are today this beautiful memorial service, dedicated to our departed colleagues, the question arises in our minds, Shall we ever meet again? Shall we ever see them as we used to know them, hear the kind tones of the familiar voice, see the same old smile that once filled us with

delight? Or is this the end of our being? A few joys and a few sorrows from babyhood to old age, and then the grave. Have our loved ones gone forever? This is best answered in the words of the past:

Gone forever! Ever? No—for since our dying race began
Ever, ever, and forever, was the leading light of man.
Those that in barbarian burials, kill'd the slave and slew the wife
Felt within themselves the sacred passion of the second life.

Indian warriors dream of ampler hunting grounds beyond the night;
Ev'n the black Australian, dying, hopes he shall return, a white.

Truth for truth and good for good!
The good, the true, the pure, the just,
Take the charm "forever" from them and then crumble into dust.

No; this cannot be the end of our being.

I leave my body as armor, which fatigues me by its weight, to continue my infinite ascension to the heaven of heavens, bathed in light eternal.

No; it cannot be, for the Saviour of mankind never carried His bloody cross to the hill of Cavalry in order that man might be born and then destroyed forever. "Our Father who art in heaven" does not reign as an instrument of destruction, but to call His children to their eternal home beyond the skies.

Unite in thought at the same instant the most beautiful objects in Nature. Suppose that you see at once all of the hours of the day and all the seasons of the year; a morning of spring and a morning of autumn; a night bespangled with stars and a night darkened by clouds; meadows enameled with flowers; forests hoary with snow; fields gilded by the tints of the autumn—then alone you will have a just conception of the universe.

While you are gazing on that sun which is plunging into the vault of the west, another observer admires it emerging from the golden gates of the east. By what inconceivable power does that aged star, which is sinking, fatigued and burning, in the shades of the evening, reappear at the same

instant fresh and humid with the rosy dew of the morning? At every hour of the day the glorious orb is at once rising, resplendent as noonday, and setting in the west; or, rather, our senses deceive us, and there is, properly speaking, no east or west, no north or south in the world.

In mourning for our dead, let us not forget the living. Through the silver tears of sympathy, let us outline against the golden sky of human hope the universal brotherhood of man. In the silence and stillness of the tomb, about which are clustered the sweet memories of our departed colleagues, let us pierce the veil of the mysterious future and see mankind made a little happier and a little better for having mourned for our departed ones today.

God has written upon the blossoms that sweeten the air, upon the breeze that rocks the flower upon its stem, upon the raindrops that swell the mighty river, upon the dewdrops that refresh every sprig of moss that rears its head in the desert, upon every penciled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, as well as upon the mighty sun which warms and cheers the millions of creatures that live in its light—upon all He has written "None of us liveth to himself."

Tenderly and sorrowfully your colleagues of today give a last thought to our colleagues of the past. O ever dear and absent ones, we have dedicated this day to your sweet memories. "Ere this our tears, our sadness, and our prayers are with you in your eternal home." We know not how soon death shall lay us on the never-ending shores of eternity, but as long as we remain here below "we shall enshrine you in our prayers." Reverently do we hope that we will meet in a—

> Realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings that here pass before us like visions will stay in our presence forever.

Mary J. Mitchell sang "There Is No Death", by O'Hara.

Hon. DEWEY SHORT, a Representative from the State of Missouri, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS OF HON. DEWEY SHORT

Mr. Speaker, since we assembled in this Chamber on a similar occasion 1 year ago last month 21 Members of the Congress of the United States—6 Senators and 15 Representatives—have answered the final roll call. Death is no respecter of persons, parties, or places; ruthlessly and indiscriminately he cut through our ranks, and before his irresistible onslaught fell some of our ablest and best men from every section of our Union. Today we meet to pay them tribute and to do them honor.

It is altogether fitting and proper, sir, that we should pause in the midst of our arduous labors and exacting duties to acknowledge our respect and affection for and to pay our homage to our departed comrades; not that they need our praise so much as we need the inspiration derived from meditation upon their lives and achievements. Little that we say here will long be remembered, but the world never can forget their vigilant patriotism, their heroic and unselfish service to their country. Upon their fellow men they left an indelible imprint by the imperishable impact of their individual and powerful personalities. If time permitted and we could follow our natural inclination, we would, of course, discuss the life, character, and accomplishments of each one of our former colleagues, but of necessity our eulogy now must be composite. Other Members will incorporate their addresses on the different individuals in the printed record. But, in passing, we cannot refrain from calling the name of our late and lamented Speaker, Hon. JOSEPH WELLINGTON BYRNS, one of the most popular, just, and beloved Speakers ever to preside over this body. For over a quarter of a century he served his native State of Tennessee, which has made such a magnificent contribution to the statesmanship and history of our Nation, with exceptional distinction and high honor. It was my privilege to go on the funeral train

that carried his mortal remains to rest in his beloved hills outside of Nashville. Sad as was the occasion, it was a real joy to see the tens of thousands of people, old and young, white and colored, rich and poor, who traveled many miles to line the highway, to show their deep and abiding affection for and to pay their last respects to this noble man. Knowing the character of Jo BYRNS, we realize that he would not have us single him out from his fellows or give him particular recognition; so democratic was his spirit and so warm was his human personality that he would merely wish to be counted among his fellows, all of whom worked together and did their best for their country.

Mr. Speaker, in recent years Congress has become the butt of jokes, and not infrequently the object of contempt. The cheap clown, whether in circus or higher places, makes us the subject of gibe, jest, and quip. It has become fashionable in some sophisticated and shallow circles to look upon Congress with scornful insolence. Perhaps there are times when we warrant a degree of disdain. And since every successful politician must smile when he wants to fight, and possesses—or should possess—a skin as tough as a rhinoceros, I suppose he should be impervious to all criticism. However, it is difficult to imagine anything more reprehensible than these carping critics, the chronic, contumelious cynics who constantly vent their spleen on Members of Congress. For such rapacious arrogance and blatant babbling there is no excuse and only jealousy and envy can explain such fatuous bellowing.

After all is said and done, no other group of men more perfectly reveals the true spirit, real genius, and genuine character of the American people as do the Members of the Congress of the United States. Particularly is this true of the House of Representatives. Each Member represents a cross section of American life and nearly always reflects the hopes, ambitions, interests, thoughts, ideals, and character of his constituents. This body is a mirror in which America can see herself. No doubt the picture at times is a bit disappointing and more disturbing, but we are elected by the people at

frequent intervals and are directly responsible to them. Modesty will not allow us to claim that we are better than the people we represent and pride prevents us from admitting that we are any worse.

Let him who thinks that coming to Congress is an easy task attempt it. To be sure, politics, like nature, is at times freakish. Once in a great while, at remote intervals, a political storm will sweep accidentally some men into this Chamber, but their residence is temporary and not permanent unless they prove their worth. It is difficult for any person to get elected to Congress, and it is more difficult for him to return. Rarely does one little or weak or mean enter these portals, and only the big and strong and good can long remain. Here the true measure of a man is justly and unmistakably taken. But long before he comes here he has been put to the test. What is the average background of these men? As the whitest lily often springs out of the muddiest hole, so the greatest men frequently come here from the most unexpected places. Like Lincoln, many of our colleagues came from humble origins and unpromising beginnings. They wrestled with poverty and triumphed over adversity.

Others, like Washington and Lee, were born in luxury and rocked in the cradle of plenty. They overcame the handicap of riches and aristocracy; they were neither misled by wealth nor corrupted by society. In our great democracy a man is judged not so much by what his ancestors did as by what he himself can do. Emerson laid down the proper yardstick to measure correctly a man's worth when he said, "What you are speaks so loud that I cannot hear what you say." Our fallen heroes are mourned today not so much for what they said here as for what they did here. They are remembered not for their flaming eloquence, pleasing as it was, but for what they were.

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

Not by what they possessed, but how they performed are they today measured. The test is not money, but mind and character. It is good to know that in this fair land these stalwart men, coming from widely scattered regions, representing widely divergent views, reflecting every shade of public opinion on burning political, social, economic, and religious questions, were here working together in the common cause of a great nation—working faithfully and tirelessly to keep open wide the door of equal opportunity for all men, to make life richer and more abundant, to maintain our national honor, to prove ourselves worthy of the liberty, and to perpetuate the free institutions bequeathed to us through the heroic sacrifices of our forefathers. Their difficult task was to preserve all that was good in the old order and at the same time to courageously blaze new trails that lead to human betterment in a quickly changing and baffling world. Our duty is to carry on their unfinished task.

Mr. Speaker, it was never an easy nor an altogether pleasant task to serve in this body, and this is particularly true today. The manifold duties and multiplying demands made on Members of Congress in and through all the vast ramifications of a complex and intricate Government increasingly draw upon their strength and endurance, adding yearly to the terrific toll of human life. Anyone who survives a political campaign in which his life's history is reviewed in detail and during which he moves constantly and inescapably under the pitiless searchlight of publicity must of necessity possess some virtue.

To remain sweet when accused falsely, to silence the tongue of slander, to still the voice of character assassins, to triumph over the fair and strenuous efforts of formidable opponents every 2 years in both primary and general elections taxes one's strength and patience to the limit. Naturally, there come many disappointments with this public life. A man who rises to distinction in this body must do so because

of his own personal worth, his mental capacity, untiring industry, and absolute honesty. The path is steep and rugged, and it is covered with sandpaper instead of velvet.

Yet out of this turbulent strife and clash of opinion, out of the heated debates and conflicting interests, out of the atmosphere of uncertainty which we all are forced to breathe, there come the priceless compensation and immeasurable joy of mutual confidence and respect and of real and lasting friendships. In no other body of men do I believe one could possibly find such a fine spirit of genuine and wholesome fellowship, such a splendid feeling of camaraderie. This is because I suppose each one of us realizes rather fully that through which the other fellow has passed. In this sad hour and on this solemn occasion, death once more has leveled all our differences, obliterated all lines of division, and drawn us closely together in the bonds of friendship and affection. The heat of controversy is now dissipated; there is no rancor in our souls or envy in our hearts. Petty jealousies are forgotten, and individual interests and purposes are buried with our comrades whom we memorialize today. Beneath the differences of individual opinion and below the eccentricities of personalities there is a more fundamental unity of the interests and purposes of mankind.

Each one of our former colleagues died at his post of duty, as he would have it.

Let me live out my years in heat of blood.
  Let me die drunken with the dreamer's wine.
Let me not see this soul-house built of mud,
  Go toppling to the dust—a vacant shrine.

Let me go quickly like a candlelight
  Snuffed out just at the heyday of its glow.
Give me high noon—and let it then be night.
  Thus would I go.

And grant me, when I face the grisly thing,
  One haughty cry to pierce the gray, perhaps.
O let me be a tune-swept fiddle string,
  That feels the master melody—and snaps.

These comrades died "in heat of blood" and went "quickly like a candlelight snuffed out just at the heyday of its glow." They have felt the "master melody", and we would not ask them to return. At last they have gained rest and peace from their trying and exacting labors, and have gone to their reward for having served God and country well.

Life begins and ends in mystery. While there may not be exact scientific proof for immortality, certainly there is no disproof of this eternal longing of the human heart and its natural rebellion at the thought of extinction. Death is no more mysterious than birth, and they are not so much different things as they are two sides of the same thing—the will of a higher power which renders us helpless and impotent in all our might and wisdom before its insolvable mysteries. If there were no death there could be no life, and faith in the eternal values of truth, beauty, and goodness is a legitimate and necessary function of the human soul.

O world, thou choosest not the better part!
It is not wisdom to be only wise,
And on the inward vision close the eyes,
But it is wisdom to believe the heart.
Columbus found a world and had no chart,
Save one that faith deciphered in the skies;
To trust the soul's invincible surmise
Was all his science and his only art.
Our knowledge is a torch of smoky pine
That lights the pathway but one step ahead,
Across a void of mystery and dread.
Bid, then, the tender light of faith to shine
By which alone the mortal heart is led
Unto the thinking of the thought divine.

In these beautiful lines Santayana clearly and convincingly shows that life is deeper than logic and the human heart has reason that reason knows not of.

These men were "steadfast, abounding in the work of the Lord", because they felt their "labors were not in vain in the Lord." With strong minds, brave hearts, and willing hands they faithfully performed their daily tasks and courageously

discharged their duties. With this sublime faith in the dignity of the human soul and with unalloyed ambition to leave the world better than they found it, they have passed from our midst.

> Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
> Thou madest man, he knows not why,
> He thinks he was not made to die:
> And Thou hast made him: Thou art just.

A cornet solo, "Going Home", was played by Winfred Kemp, principal musician, United States Marine Band Orchestra.

The Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery, D. D., pronounced the benediction:

The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God and His Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord; and the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit be among you and remain with you always. Amen.

Memorial Addresses
on
Henry Elbert Stubbs

Memorial Addresses

Remarks by Representative Lea

Of California

Mr. LEA. Mr. Speaker, one of the finest features of service in this House is the opportunity it affords for its friendships and acquaintances. The character of the people of our country is reflected in the men they have chosen to represent them here in this legislative body of the Nation. The Members of Congress are subjected to much criticism, sometimes merited and frequently unmerited. Personal frailties, as well as the weaknesses that inevitably attend public service, always have been and always will be reflected in the membership of this body. I am confident, however, after years of contact with the Members of this House, that there is constantly present here an understanding of governmental affairs, a sense of duty, a responsiveness to popular ideals and hopes, and a loyalty to the fundamentals of our American Government that constitute an essential and reliable foundation for the endurance and advancement of the fundamental purposes of this Republic.

When my mind turns in grateful memory to the particular Member of our California delegation of whom I speak, I am thinking rather of the personal than the governmental relation of our departed colleague.

HENRY ELBERT STUBBS was born near Coleman, in Coleman County, Tex., on the 4th of March 1881.

He acquired his education in Oklahoma, married, and for years followed the ministry. On the 8th of November 1932, being then a resident of Santa Maria in our State, he was elected to represent the Tenth District of California in the Seventy-third Congress. In 1934 he was reelected to the

Seventy-fourth Congress, and in 1936 he was reelected to the Seventy-fifth Congress.

For more than 12 years Mr. STUBBS suffered from an incurable malady. After the hope of ultimate recovery had been abandoned, he still carried on his work with a diligence and zeal as if he had a long life before him. He met his colleagues with a cheery smile and friendly greeting that made him welcome everywhere. His years of service in this body were an inspiring example of a Christian life as applied to the practical affairs of men.

Mr. STUBBS was zealously devoted to the interest of the people in his district. He was zealous in behalf of his State and his sense of loyalty to the National Government was deep-seated. He gave much of his time and attention to measures before Congress that directly affected the development and welfare of his section of our State. He never wavered in his efforts to advance these measures, including the Central Valley project which he deemed so vital for the preservation of the homes and farms in his district.

The problem of watersheds, dams, canals, and water supply were by his humane, sympathetic understanding reduced to problems of communities, farms, homes, families, fathers, mothers, and children, and to such causes he gave his heart's interest.

On the 28th day of February 1937, here in the Nation's Capital, Mr. STUBBS passed on to that future which he faced with complacency and confidence.

The colleagues of Mr. STUBBS extend their sympathy to his wife and members of his family. They can find happiness in the memory of one so worthy as a husband and father.

We who knew him can with profit cherish his memory as a true and kind friend, as a useful and faithful colleague, and as a worthy servant of this Republic.

Remarks by Representative Costello

Of California

Mr. COSTELLO. Mr. Speaker, we pause today to pay our meed of tribute to the memory of those colleagues who have gone from among us. It is with deep regret that we witness the passing of one of our colleagues whom all had learned to love and respect. In the death of Representative HENRY E. STUBBS not only have the people of his district in California suffered the loss of a valued and an able legislator but the Nation as a whole has been deprived of his sincere counsel and sound thinking. Although others may follow in his footsteps, others may take his place in the Hall of the House of Representatives, yet none can entirely fill the place which he leaves vacant.

The entire life of HENRY E. STUBBS was one devoted to the welfare and service of his fellow men. At no time did he allow his personal interest to supersede his broad human interest. Having consecrated his life to religion, he went forth in his ministry to tend to the spiritual needs of his congregation.

It was in this, his life work, that he developed his kindly smile and gentle, yet firm, handclasp. Here, too, he acquired the attributes of the deep thinker, filled with a profound insight into human nature and sated with that wise philosophy which comes only to him who has his knowledge firmly based upon the belief in immortality and upon the confident assurance that an all-merciful God watches over the affairs of man.

We who watched HENRY STUBBS in his comings and goings are now deprived of his quiet smile and his sympathetic understanding. Never again can we enjoy his sage advice and thoughtful counsel. No longer do we hear his calm voice nor feel his warm handclasp. Taken away from us

is his physical presence, but the memory of his good deeds and constructive accomplishments can never die. The recollection of his gentle nature and his kindly manner shall remain an inspiration to us forever.

Even as he so often uttered the tender words of sympathy to the bereaved in ministering to his congregation, the task is now left to others to express that sympathy to the members of his family upon his departure. May they enjoy the consolation which is engendered by the firm belief in a generous and merciful God from which PAT STUBBS himself benefited so richly. May we, who were vouchsafed the privilege of knowing him so intimately in Washington, be encouraged to discharge our duties cheerfully by the recollection of his self-sacrifice to duty and deep devotion to the welfare of his constituents and of his family. A devotion which he was not unmindful of, although suffering the pain and anguish of his last hours on earth.

Truly, HENRY STUBBS practiced the precepts of that Master to whose service his life was dedicated. Such faith, such loyalty, and such untiring self-sacrifice cannot go unrewarded.

Remarks by Representative Kramer

Of California

Mr. KRAMER. Mr. Speaker, when announcing the death of my late colleague HENRY E. STUBBS, of the Tenth Congressional District of California, I felt that the House of Representatives lost one of its most loyal and conscientious Members. While Mr. STUBBS was not a Member as long as some of our good colleagues, his friendly manner and marvelous personality won for him a warm spot in the affections of all who knew him.

Mr. STUBBS, who before his election to Congress was a minister of the gospel, was the embodiment of civic righteousness; he loved his family dearly and was highly respected by his host of friends and neighbors. His word was his bond; he was a man of impeccable character, true and just in all his dealings.

The tireless work done by Mr. STUBBS, before his health prevented him from continuing with his duties, brings to my mind a statement made to me one day when he and I were talking in the cloakroom about 2 years ago. We were discussing whether or not we would be candidates for reelection and he looked up at me, removing his cigar, and said, "Charlie, I hope I will be able to come back here, because I want to die in Congress." I was happy for his sake, to see his wish realized. He was a real friend, and I shall always cherish the memory of our friendship. He was a gentleman. He was always sympathetic, chivalrous, and courteous. He was a man of high principles and ideals, and one who always followed what he considered to be the path of truth and wisdom. He served his State in his district well; he put personal rights above property rights and labored long and hard during his tenure of office. As a

fellow Californian I share the general feeling of pride toward his accomplishments and contributions to the Government of his country during some trying times.

Time does not permit any general review of his life and achievements, but I am sure the entire California delegation joins me in expressing deepest regret at the untimely passing of our esteemed friend and colleague.

Remarks by Representative Buck

Of California

Mr. BUCK. Mr. Speaker, Hon. HENRY ELBERT STUBBS, Representative in Congress from the Tenth Congressional District of the State of California, has passed to his final reward.

He was respected by every Member of the House for his conscientious performance of his duties, for his never-failing good humor, and for his cooperation with all of those with whom he served.

Elected to the House in November 1932, he began service at Washington in the following March, together with many others, who, like myself, were newcomers to this line of public work. Intensely interested in work that was of particular interest to his district, his State, and to the West generally, he served with distinction on the Committees on Indian Affairs, Irrigation and Reclamation, and Public Lands.

If for no other reason, he will be gratefully remembered by his former constituents and by the people of California for the deep and abiding interest that he took in the development of the Central Valley water project and for the vigor with which he presented its cause both in committee and on the floor of the House.

California has lost an able citizen, one who gave his care and attention to the slightest request of his humble constituents as well as to the larger problems of government. As his friend and his associate in Congress, I mourn his passing, as do all of those who have associated with him. To his sorrowing family we can only extend sympathy in their hour of grief and bring to them, perhaps, the consolation that a good and faithful servant on earth has gone to his just and heavenly reward.

Remarks by Representative Colden

Of California

Mr. COLDEN. Mr. Speaker, California has suffered an irretrievable loss in the death of HENRY ELBERT STUBBS, of the Tenth Congressional District. His was a gentle soul. Other Members frequently get irritable, sometimes speak hasty words, show some degree of temper, but "PAT" STUBBS, as his close friends called him, always preserved an even tenor of his way. His career as a pastor for many years tempered his emotions, softened his words, and gave him a kind humility and a broad sympathy for humanity. "Pat" was most zealous in the cause of his constituents and in his loyalty to the State of California. He was intensely interested in all the projects that pertained to his district. He was loyal to his people and devoted to the causes he espoused. He was faithful and considerate in his judgments and in his opinions.

I was one of the last Members to be privileged to call on him on his bed of sickness at the Walter Reed Hospital. He told myself and a colleague that his time had come, that his hours were numbered, that he had made the best fight that he could, but his work was ended and he was ready to depart. The pallor on his face foretold with certainty that his prediction was true. He passed on a few days later. The House of Representatives, with California, lost a noble soul.

Some days later in conversation with a physician the name of HENRY ELBERT STUBBS was mentioned. This physician told me that Mr. STUBBS had known for years that he was battling with an incurable affliction; that his death was inevitable; that the only hope he carried for years was to defer the inevitable hour.

HENRY ELBERT STUBBS

When I think of the poise and the resignation of one who knew and understood that death was calling him every day, I think this struggle is an expression of a remarkable fortitude and forbearance. Few men can face death daily with that kindness of spirit, the pleasant word, that characterized our good friend HENRY ELBERT STUBBS.

Remarks by Representative Voorhis

Of California

Mr. VOORHIS. Mr. Speaker, my acquaintance with HENRY ELBERT STUBBS, Representative in the Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, and Seventy-fifth Congresses from the Tenth District of California, began only after the Seventy-fifth Congress had convened; but in that short time I learned to admire and respect him as a capable public servant.

Practically his whole life was spent in serving other people. Following his graduation from Phillips University, Enid, Okla., he became a minister; and he never gave up active participation in that work until November 8, 1932, when his fellow citizens drafted him to serve as their Representative in Congress.

The last days of his life were marked by severely painful suffering, but it was characteristic of the man that he endured them cheerfully and with no complaint, sustained to the end by a trusting faith in his Creator.

There are all too few men in the public service with the ability, integrity, patriotism, and fine character of HENRY ELBERT STUBBS. His passing is a profound loss to this House, to his constituents, and to everybody who knew him; yet the memory of his useful life will remain a source of inspiration.

Were a star quenched on high,
  For ages would its light,
Still traveling downward from the sky,
  Shine on our mortal sight.

So when a good man dies;
  For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
  Along the paths of men.

Remarks by Representative Gearhart

Of California

Mr. GEARHART. Mr. Speaker, to me our colleague the late HENRY ELBERT STUBBS was indeed a friend.

As I, in Memory's flight, relive those days of my apprenticeship in this honorable body, vividly do I recall those occasions, not few, when he, greater in experience, sensing the predicament into which my unawareness had so often plunged me, full of sympathy in my embarrassment, without ostentation or display, appeared at my side to offer advice when I, beset with doubt, needed counsel, to offer guidance when my craving therefor was greatest.

I never knew a more sympathetic friend. It seemed to be a part of his very being, a strange ability to sense in others the need for help, to divine the yearning for sympathy among those who were pressed and by those who were heavily laden.

And in the dispensing of it none was made to feel an intrusion or was ever made conscious of intereference. His approach was always so gentle and his ways were always so kindly.

Indeed he was one who walked with his God, ever dispensing kindness, helpfulness, and good cheer. I never knew a finer man nor had a better friend. All those who had the good fortune to have known him will join with me in this simple tribute.

Remarks by Representative Carter

Of California

Mr. CARTER. Mr. Speaker, it was with extreme pleasure that I could be among the first to greet my good friend and neighbor, HENRY ELBERT STUBBS, of Santa Maria, Calif., on his entry into this House; recently it was with the deepest sorrow that I had to say good-bye to this dear friend. There was no hesitancy or embarrassment on his part in our last good-byes, for as hopeful as we all tried to appear, our good minister friend knew that his physical work here was finished. However, his good deeds and spiritual influence will remain.

Although knowing for many months that his days here were numbered, HENRY STUBBS carried on as he had always done in his quiet and efficient manner. He would not desert his constituents and friends back home, but continued with his good work here until the day of his last sleep. While he was a man of quiet, unassuming disposition, he was very effective in his work and ever kept constantly before him the best interests not only of his own constituents but of the people of his State and of the Nation. With sincere earnestness and devotion to the trust the people had reposed in him—a trust that he never in the least betrayed—he kept constantly and tenaciously at his work. To know him was to appreciate the real lovable, hard-working straight shooter, who never relinquished that spiritual faith which he brought with him into the Halls of Congress. With his passing on, the State of California lost a distinguished and lovable citizen, and the memory of HENRY STUBBS will long remain with us.

Remarks by Representative McGroarty

Of California

Mr. McGROARTY. Mr. Speaker, the late Hon. HENRY E. STUBBS, sometime Member of the Congress of the United States, was above all things else a man of great gentleness and deep kindness. I would almost say he was the kindest man, and the gentlest, that I have ever known. The world is always better because men like him have lived in it.

Remarks by Representative Smith

Of Washington

Mr. SMITH of Washington. Mr. Speaker, these memorial services are a solemn admonition that death is ever in our midst. It seems but yesterday that our departed colleagues were here among us, alert and active in the discharge of their official duties, and now "they are gone the way whence they shall not return." All too soon shall we, in the words of Longfellow, join them on

> The fortunate isles, on whose shining beach
> The sights we see and the sounds we hear
> Will be those of joy and not of fear.

Mr. Speaker, this long roll of our honored colleagues—6 Members of the Senate and 15 Members of the House—who have been summoned away within the past year is some proof of the arduous service and exacting labors of those who are commissioned by the people to meet and discharge the many difficult tasks and trying responsibilities of public office during one of the most crucial periods of American history.

Mr. Speaker, the limit of time will not allow my paying proper and adequate tribute to each of these distinguished public servants. I shall be able to only briefly refer to some of the outstanding traits and characteristics of those of them whom I knew best.

HENRY E. STUBBS, of California, was one of Nature's noblemen, and I knew him more intimately, perhaps, than our other colleagues whom I have mentioned. He was quiet, modest, and unassuming, but followed very closely the proceedings in the House and was faithful and punctual in his attendance upon the sessions of the House and the committees of which he was a member. He was a minister of the Christian Church before his election to Congress and

manifested to a marked degree that spirit of tolerance and forbearance which one would expect from a gentleman of his calling. He was sincerely interested in providing a greater measure of security to the aged citizens of the Republic, and openly espoused the Townsend plan because he believed in its principles. I have an abiding faith in the immortality of the human soul and know that men of the aspirations, the yearnings, and the desires of "Pat" Stubbs, as he was known to his friends, can never wholly perish. We shall meet again.

Proceedings
in the
House of Representatives

Proceedings in the House

MONDAY, *March 1, 1937.*

The Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem, praise thy God, O Zion. His word runneth very swiftly. Heavenly Father, we pray that we may start down the path of this new week with the majesty of a clear conscience sweeping through our beings. Pondering God and that inner voice, which is the eye of the soul, we shall not wander in the forbidden ways checkered by light and shadow. Thus armed, gracious Lord, we shall be restrained from that which is wrong, and the way of truth, wisdom, and right shall be pointed out. Do Thou enhance in us the real value of self and help us to measure up to the highest ideals of manhood. May we be made worthy of Thy approbation and the approval of our fellow men. We breathe an earnest prayer for our Speaker and for all who are associated with these historic walls. With increasing faith in the right, may we be fully prepared to enter upon our labors.

Again, blessed Lord, we are in the valley. The shadows hover low. Another distinguished Member has left us, faithful in his public service and upright in his private life. *Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil for Thou art with me. Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.*

We thank Thee for these undying words. Through Christ, Amen.

Mr. COLMER. Mr. Speaker, the House has just passed the bill H. R. 3305 and is now considering the bill H. R. 3306, two

companion bills sponsored and introduced by our lamented and departed friend, HENRY E. STUBBS, of California.

I just wanted to take this opportunity to pay briefly my respects to this honored colleague of ours who, on yesterday, passed into the great beyond. It is only fitting and appropriate that these bills should be considered and passed without hearing from this distinguished colleague because it is typical and emblematic of his tenure here in the House. Quiet, unobtrusive, kindly, never colorful, and never seeking the public light, he went about representing the best interests of his district and of his country.

I am only too glad, as just one humble Member of this body, who numbered him among my friends, to have this opportunity to pay this flower of tribute to his memory.

Mr. LEA. Mr. Speaker, it becomes my sad duty to announce to the House the death of the Honorable HENRY E. STUBBS, a Representative from the Tenth District of the State of California. Mr. STUBBS stood very high in the friendship and affection of the Members from our State and the entire membership of the House.

I offer a resolution which I send to the desk.

The Clerk read (H. Res. 142) as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. HENRY E. STUBBS, a Representative from the State of California.

Resolved, That a committee of four Members of the House with such Members of the Senate as may be joined be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant at Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provision of these resolutions and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The resolution was agreed to.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will conclude the reading of the resolution.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the House do now adjourn.

The resolution was agreed to; accordingly (at 2 o'clock and 5 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until tomorrow, Tuesday, March 2, 1937, at 12 o'clock noon.

TUESDAY, *March 2, 1937.*

A message from the Senate, by Mr. Frazier, its legislative clerk, announced that the Senate had adopted the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. HENRY E. STUBBS, late a Representative from the State of California.

Resolved, That a committee of two Senators be appointed by the Presiding Officer to join the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives to attend the funeral of the deceased Representative.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Representative the Senate do now take a recess until 12 o'clock meridian tomorrow.

Proceedings
in the
United States Senate

Proceedings in the Senate

MONDAY, *March 1, 1937.*

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. Megill, one of its clerks, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. HENRY E. STUBBS, late a Representative from the State of California, and transmitted the resolutions of the House thereon.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. Lee in the chair). The Chair lays before the Senate resolutions from the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The legislative clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. HENRY E. STUBBS, a Representative from the State of California.

Resolved, That a committee of four Members of the House, with such Members of the Senate as may be joined, be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant at Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provisions of these resolutions and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the House do now adjourn.

Mr. JOHNSON of California. Mr. President, I send to the desk resolutions which I ask to have read and immediately considered.

The resolutions (S. Res. 88) were read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. HENRY E. STUBBS, late a Representative from the State of California.

Resolved, That a committee of two Senators be appointed by the Presiding Officer to join the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives to attend the funeral of the deceased Representative.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. As members of the committee on the part of the Senate, the Chair appoints the senior Senator from California [Mr. Johnson] and the junior Senator from California [Mr. McAdoo].

Mr. JOHNSON of California. Mr. President, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Representative, I move that the Senate take a recess until 12 o'clock noon tomorrow.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 4 o'clock and 18 minutes p. m.) the Senate took a recess until tomorrow, Tuesday, March 2, 1937, at 12 o'clock meridian.